Music.

At Lewis' Book, Stationery and Music Store. HUNTINGDON, PA.

The most pleasing and popular compositions of the day, together with those of the ancient composers, will be furnished at the shortest notice.

Also—Planos, Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Accordions, &c., &c., all at the lowest city retail prices.

Teachers supplied with Books and Music on the most processing the terms. reasonable terms.

Music sent by mail free of postage on receipt of price.

New music will be added to our Catalogue as soon as issued from the press.

CATALOGUE OF MUSIC ON HAND. Songs.

Alone on Earth I Wander, as sung by Mile. Parodi, 25
Annie the Pride of my Heart, by Winner, 25
Annie the Pride of my Heart, by Winner, 25
Aunt Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Stephani, 25
Aunt Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Stephani, 25
Ave Maria, by Kucken, 25
Ave Maria, by Kucken, 25
Adden to the Villago, by Mrs. Elmes, 26
Adden to the Villago, by Mrs. Elmes, 26
Bruise not my Heart, by Hargrave. 25
By the Sad Sea Warves, as sung by Parodi, 25
Bruise not my Heart, by Hargrave. 25
By the Sad Sea Warves, as sung by Parodi, 25
Brides Farewell, by Williams, 25
Brides Farewell, by Williams, 25
Brides Farewell, by Williams, 26
Bonnie Bessie Gray, by Glover, 26
Come out sweet maiden, by Stewart, 25
Cone out sweet maiden, by Stewart, 25
Cot in the Valley, by Hewitt, 25
Carry Ray or Down the Willow Hollow, by Colman, 25
Death of Lady Wallace, by T. P. Campbell, 25
Darling Nelly Gray, by Handy, 25
Down the Burn Davy love, by Burns, 25
Death of Ringgold, by Cooledge, 25
Decam is Past, by Glover, 25
Dermot Astore, by Grouch, 25
Dearnest! I think of Thee! by Crouch, 25
Ever of Thee, by Hall, 26
Ever awar from Thee, by Hewitt. 124

Dearest! I think of Thee! by Crouch,
Ever of Thee, by Hall,
Far, Far away from Thee, by Hewitt.
Farewell if ever Fondest Prayer, by Berriot,
Gaily through life wonder, by Verdi,
Gentle Annie, by Foster,
Gentle Annie will you ever, by Forister,
Genius of the Spring, by Maria B. Hawes,
Gleam of Autumn's Golden Days, by Colman,

Grave of Uncle True, by Colman, Gra Gial Machree, an Irish Ballad, by Crouch. 'He sleeps but not 'mid the Arctic snows.' the memory of Dr. E. L. Kane, by Beck.!, Hard times come again no more, by Foster, Hear me, Norma, Here's a health to thee Mary, by Rodwell, Home Sweet Home, by Bishop, Happy Moments now Returning, by Wieland, (Guitar,) 25

Happy Moments now Returning, by Wieland, (Guitar, I'm dreaming of thee, by Lee, I would not die in Spring time, by Moore, I'll hang my harp on a willow tree, by Guernsey, I've flowers to sell, by Golding, I have no Mother now, by Mortimer. In my Heart an Image Dwelleth, by Magruder. I have no Joy but in thy Smile, by Gosden, I'll pray for thee, from Bonizetti, In a Lone Quiet Spot, by Hewitt. In Vain I Seek for Joys Abroad, by Ulmo, I'm Leaving thee in sorrow, Anuie, by Baker, It is better to Laugh than be Sighing, by Donizetti, I have no Mother now, by Magruder, John Anderson my Jo, by Kuzeluch, Juanita, Spanish Ballad, by Norton, Kate Kearney, by Bradley, Juanita, Span'sh Ballad, by Norton,
Kate Kearney, by Bradley,
Kattie Avourneen, by Crouch,
Kathleen Mavourneen, by Crouch,
Kind Words will never Die, by Horace Waters,
Kiss me Quick and Go, by Buckley, (Guitar,)
Life is but an empty dream, by Westrop,
Lillee Lee, by Glover,
Long and Weary Day,
Little Nell, by Boswell,
List to the Convent Bells, by Blockley,
Lays of the Night, by Glover. Lays of the Night, by Glover, Lela, by Hargrave, Lilly Clyde, by Hargrave, Let us Meet, by Colman.

Let us Meet, by Colman.

My Mother Dear, by Lover,
My Native Island, by Langlotz,
My Native Island, by Langlotz,
My Native Island, by Decms,
My Sister Dear, by Auber,
My Mountain Kate, by Hewitt,
Moonlight on the Ocean, by Beckel,
May Breeze, by Kappes,
Memory, ballad, by H. G. Thunder,
Music and her Sister Song, by Glover,
Maniac Mother, by Hargrave,
Marseilles Hymn, by De Lisle,
Massa's Old Plantation, by Lake,
My Native Land Adieu, by Belisle,
Maiden of the Rhine, Maiden of the Rhine, Nestle thou Little Cne, by Maison, Natalie, the Miller's Daughter, by Bochsa,

Oh! No they shall not see me weep,
Oh! Soon Return, by Hewitt.
Oh! Cast that Shadow from thy Brow,
Oh! Let me Weep, by Colman.
Oh! No we never talk in French, Oh! No we never talk in French,
Oh! Whisper what thou Feelest, by Richards,
Old Jessie, by Converse, (Guitar,)
Pop goes the Weasel, by Converse, (Guitar,)
Strike the harp gently, by Woodbury,
Screnade, by Schubert.
Something You Cannot Help Liking, by Taylor,
Speak Gently, by Morse,
Sancta Mater, a Vesper Hymn, by Colman, Star Spangled Banner.
Shells of the Occun, by Cherry,
Ship Wrecked Sea Boy, by Forte.
Sunny Hours of Childhood, by Parodi,

Sunny Hours of Childhood, by Parodi,
Steep Gentle Mother, by Lemon,
Standard Watch, by Lindpaintner,
The Longing, by Porter,
Teach Oh! Teach me to Forget, by Bishop,
Tempes tof the Heart, by Parodi,
The Heart That's Ever Thine, by Jullien,
The Indian Captive or the Absent Lover, Magruder,
The dearest spot on earth to me is home, by Wrighton,
Troubadour's Song, by Verdi,
Twenty Years Ago. by Langlotz,
Villkins and his Dinah,
Valley of Chamouni, by Glover,
What are the Wild Waves Saying, by Glover,
What are the Wild Waves Saying, by Glover,
What are the Wild Waves Saying, by Glover,
Whet by Chance, by Kucken,

What are the Wild Waves Saying, by Glover, We Met by Chance, by Kucken, We Met, 'twas in a Crowd, by Bayly, When Night comes over the Plain, by Jeffreys, When Stars are in the Quiet Skies, by Ball, When the Swallows Homeward Fly, by Abt, When in Hours of Anxious Sadness, Within a Mile of Edinburg, by Scotch, Yankee Doodle, as sung by Mad. T. Parodi, Schottisches, Polkas, Quick Steps, Marches, Dances, &c.

Adrianna Polka, by Mack,

Adrianna Polka, by Mack,
Amelia Polka,
Affection Schottisch, by Southgate,
Amulet Schottisch, by Mrs. Saylor,
Amelia Schottisch, by Cooper,
Annie Laurie Schottisch, by Winner,
Amateur set of Polkas, by Bellak, each
Acolian Polka, by Colman,
Agricultural Quick Step, by Beck,
Brother Jonathan Polka, by Porter,
Bella Donna Schottisch, by Holden,
Boltemian Polka, by Houser, Bella Donna Schottisch, by Holden,
Bohemian Polka, by Houser,
Coral Schottisch, by Kleber,
Circassian Polka, by Do Albert.
Cherry Valley Polka Brilliant, by Bubna,
College Hornpipe, Fisher's Hornpipe,
Come Soldiers Come Quick Step,
Douglas grand march, by Walker,
Diamond Schottisch, by Saylor.
Daybreak Polka, by Szemelenyi,
Deliciosa Polka,
Dahlia Gallopade, by Dister,
Durangs Hornpipe and Money Musk, Dahlia Gallopade, by Dister,
Durangs Hornpipe and Money Musk,
Dandy Jim and Old Dan Tucker,
Edinburg Schottisch, by Kerseen,
Emma Polka, by Miss Emma Todd,
Eugenia Polka, by Wallersteine,
Electric Qnick Step, by Enrcheim,
Eugenia Dance, by Bubna,
Four Bells Polka, by Cook,
Five Bells Polka, by Cook,
Five Bells Polka, by Cook,
Fairfield Schottisch, by Colman,
Fountain Schottisch, by Magruder,
Fairy Lake Schottisch, by Magruder,
Fairy Lake Schottisch, by John,
Fillibuster Polka, by Thunder,
Few Days or Go-a-head Quick Step, by Magruder,
Gipsey Polka, by Bubna,
Gipsey Schottische,
Grand Russian March,
Gallopade Quadrille,
Hand Green Polke, by Liele Grand Russian March,
Gallopade Quadrille,
Haud Organ Polka, by Lisle,
Henrietta Polka, by Pfieffer,
Hard Up Schottisch, by Bubna,
Hero's Quick Step, by Schmidt,
Hail Columbia,
Harrisburg Screnado March, by H. Coyle,
Jenny Lind's Favorite Polka, by Wallerstein,
John Allen Schottisch, by Clark,
Josephine Mazurk Dance,
Katy-Did Polka, by Jullion,
Lancers Quadrille, by Bubna,
Love Schottisch, by Cook,
Love, Pleasure and Mirth Gallop.



WILLIAM LEWIS,

6 25 6

Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGDON, PA., JULY 6, 1859.

---PERSEVERE.--

NO. 2.

Select Poetry.

La Bella Donna Schottisch, by Holden, Lover's Dream Schottisch, by Kerk, Love Not Quick Step, by Hartman, Lancaster Quick Step, by H. Coyle, Ladies Reception March, by Frailey, Letitia Mazurka, Dance, by Bubna, Mandaline Polka, by Mack, Musidora Polka Mazurka, by Talexy, Mountain Syluh Polka. Mountain Sylph Polka, Maryland Institute Schottisch, by Magruder, My Partner's Polka, by Magruder, My Partner's Polka, by Magruder,
Martha Quick Step,
Morgan Schottisch, by Bubna,
Mount Vernon Polka, by Mirtle,
Mount Pleasant Polka, by Boyer,
Marseillaise Hymn, by Spindler,
New York Ledger Schottisch, by Magruder,
New School Dances, Schottisch, by Bubna,
Our American Cousin Polka, by Jarvis,
Opera House Polka, by Kerk,
Ocean Wave, by Russel,
Polka Des Zonaves, by Prince.
Pretty Dear Schottisch,
Peak Family Schottisch,
Pin Cushion Polka,
President's March, Pin Cushion Polka,
President's March,
Rainbow Schottisch,
Rochester Schottisch,
Ready Money Polka, by Bubna,
Rebecca Schottische, by James,
Remembrance Polka, by Hassler,
Renuie Polka, by Walker,
Rebecca Polka, by Vollandt,
Ringlet Polka, by Blasius,
Remembrance Quick Step, by Durocher,
Russian Grand March, by Spindler,
Russian March,
Reception Grand March, by Wiesel,
Rory O'More,

Reception Grand March, by Wieser, Rory O'More, Silveretta Polka, by Kyle, Snowdrop Schottisch, by Edwards, Sontag Bouquet Schottisch, by Magruder, Snow Flake Schottisch, by Bellak, Snow Flake Schottisch, by Bellak,
Soutag Polka, by D'Albert,
Saratoga Polka, by Korponay,
Sultan Polka,
Star Company Polka, by Winner,
Sky Blue Polka, by Stayman,
Spanish Retreat Quick Step,
Storm March Gallop, by Bilse,
Sailor Doy's Set; Rat-Catcher's Daughter, &c.,
Samish Dance No. 1 & 2.

121

25 15 121/2

VOL. XV.

Sailor Boy's Set: Rat-Catcher's Daughter, &c., 25
Spanish Dance, Nos. 1 & 2, 6
Tulip Orange Polka Mazurka, by Jourdan, 25
The Gerald Polka, by Hogan, 25
The Gerald Polka, by Gook, 50
Thistle Schottisch, by Winner, 30
Traviata Quadrille, by Bellak, 30
The Titus March, 6
Uncle True set of Cotillions, by Marsh, 25
Vaillance Polka, Magruder, 25
Wave Schottisch, by Magruder, 25
World's Fair Polka, by Beckel, 12½
Washington's March, 6
Washington's March, 26
Watson's Funeral March, by Kimball, 12½
Watson's Funeral March, by Kimball, 12½
Waltzes.

Waltzes.

Bird Waltz, by Panormo, Brightest Eye, by Bellak, Indige Waltz, by Marsh, Diamond State Polka Waltz, by Marsh, Dreams of Youth Waltz, by Lenschow, Dawn Waltz, by H. Louel, Billo Waltz. Elfin Waltz, by Heyer.
Evenision Waltz, by Beyer.
Exentsion Waltz, by Magruder,
Gertrud's Bream Waltz, by Deethoven,
Home as a Waltz, Home as a Waltz,
Juan Grand Waltz,
Jovial Waltz, by Herz,
Know Nothing Waltz, by Miss Clark,
Linden Waltz, by Czerny,
Molii 's Dream Waltz, by Reissiger,
Midnight-honr Waltz, by Wallace,
Moonbeam Waltz, by Belfak,
Morning Star Waltz, by Beyer,
Mcdallion Waltz, by Colman,
Ole Rull Waltz, by Allen, Meddition Waltz, by Colman, Ole Bull Waltz, by Allen, Orange Waltz, by Marsh, Prima Donna Waltzes, by Jullien, Redowa Waltz, by Labitzky, Shower of Diamonds, by Linter, Silver Lake Waltz, by Spindler, Trivolian Waltz,

15 Traviata Waltz, Airs from the most celebrated Operas, arranged for the Piano, with and without Variations.

Amanda Mazurka, by De Bubna, Amanda Mazurra, by De Buona, Anvil Chorus, (from 11 Trovatore,) Anna Bolena Galop, Air Montagnard, simplified by Bellak, Album from La Traviata, arranged by Detta, Bohemian Girl, Brighter than the Stars, by Max Tzorr, Cavatina, by Hunter, Cavatina, by 11unter.
Drops of Water, by Ascher,
Don Pasquale Serenade, arranged by Spindler,
DrQuella Pira. from 11 Troyatore, by Tzorr, Figure Flames are Raging, by Tzorr, Fille Du Regiment, by Spindler, Gran Dio, from La Traviata, by Detta, Gipsey Chorus, from La Traviata, by Detta, Grave of Uncle True with variations, by Bubna, Galop Bachique.

Home, Sweet Home, with brilliant Variations, Hymn to the Virgin, by Schwing, Home Sweet Home.

Hob Nob and The Morning Star, Hob Nob and The Morning Star,
In Whispers Soft. &c., by Detta,
Kate Darling and Life let us Cherish,
La Traviata a Fantasie, by Jungmann,
La Bayadere, by Bellak,
La Traviata, (drinking song.)
Liney Neale and Dance Boatmen Dance,
Libiamo, from La Traviata, by Verdi,
Monastery Bell,
Maiden's Prayer, by Spindler,
Maebelli, by Spindler,
Misserer, from It Trovatore, by Max Tzorr,
Negro Medley, by Minnick,
Night Bees are Weeping,
Robert Le Diable, Robert Le Diable, Robert Le Diable,
Rigoletto,
Singuer of Pearls, by Osborne,
Stuwer of Pearls, by Osborne,
Twas Night and all was Still, by Tzorr,
Thou art the Stars, by Detta,
Wreath of Flowers, Nos. 2, 3, 4 & 5, each
Waltzer and Air, from La Traviata, by Detta,
When in Conflict Fierce, by Tzorr,
Huntingdon, June 8, 1859.

A Beautiful Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil. who feels that by the law of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of out nature, under wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels-other things being equal-more strongly than another the character of a man as lord of an animated world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which. fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power. is rolling through the heavens, a part is his his from centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boy-hood beside the brook which winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest; and when his time has come, he shall be laid down by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint themgold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life springs of a fresh, healthy and generous

national character.—Everett. Speak harshly of no one.

WOMAN'S LOVE. When all the world grows strange, Still shall her arms enfold thee; When smiling forfunes change, Still shall her words uphold thee. When all thy hopes shall fail, And leave thee nought but care; And when thy cheek grows pale, Or wasted with despair;-When desolation meets thee Without an arm to save: When Death himself shall greet thee, A victim for the grave;-

Then woman shall caress thee With all an angel's care; Then shall she softly bless thee With more than angel's prayer.

A Bariety.

True Life.

Existence, mere existence is not life .-Knowledge is not life. Love is life; and he of twelve little girls, all nearly the same age whose heart is pervaded and enriched by true love, is born of God, and partakes of his eternal life. Justice calls upon us to render unto all men their dues, and to sustain and proto all men their dues, and to sustain and provide for such as are made dependent upon vantage of the old-fashioned pew—she could us. The law of charity binds the strong to have her scholars all around her; her head help the weak, the rich to Befriend and uplift the poor, the wise to instruct the ignorant and those that are out of the way; and those with her scholars in every way she could; who have the truth to spread abroad the good and there she would sit and look at them, and news, and gladden other souls by its messages of peace and good will. Charity can- and talk to them, and they would sit and lisnot be idle or passive, setting down, and wishing others well, but doing nothing for their delight or peace. It works, and is never satisfied except as it goes out of itself, and expresses itself in generous and noble deeds.

boundless sea. We have one origin, one papride, in anger or contempt. We must not her teacher! "Shall I meet you in heaven?" no occupation or pursuit that will not bless the world in which it is done.

about, build walls heaven high around us, er and scholar will meet in heaven. determined that we will enjoy our pleasures, or that we will rejoice in the society of a particular class or clan, and let everybody on the outside take care of themselves. This petrify the heart in which it finds a home. to do with the creatures dwelling upon it, but merely stand aloof from their society, to keep them at an arm's length, and have nothing to do with their human troubles and griefs? Was that Christ's idea of life? Or is it ours?

Try the experiment and mark the result. Let any man get away from his fellow-creatures, and try to live in his own world, or home, regardless of the rights, or feelings, or comfort of those whom God has sent to occupy and work in this human hive with himself, and just as plants wither and die, withdroop and die within him, and his once huwill gradually be transformed into a heart of the value and grandeur of human life. "God into the spiritual kingdom, or the joy of our Lord. H. R. N.

Have I Come to This?

How painful must be the reflection of a young man, who has enjoyed the privileges of society, moral instruction and faithful advice, falling into the path of abomination, and at last to find himself arrested in his wicked career by the arm of justice, and about to receive the penalty of the law for his crimes, while comparing the past advantages with the present circumstances. Indeed, he may well say, "Have I come to this?"

This is not an imaginary case. It so happened that the writer of this was present when several convicts arrived at one of our State Penitentiaries. Among the number was a young man, about the age of twentyfour years, of good appearance and well dres-

On going into the prison he involuntarily exclaimed—" Have I come to this?"

Alas! too late to avoid the punishment ustly due him for his crimes. What instruction such a scene and such language are calculated to afford youth. It should teach them to obey the first commandment with a promise to avoid vain company; and in a word, to remember the Creator in the days of their youth. And to a parent who possesses a deep interest in the welfare of a son just entering upon the scenes of active life, who knows the evil propensities of the heart, and the exposedness of youth to the snares of degree of auxious solicitude, lest on some futhat son the melancholy reflection—" Have I come to this?"

They who "pine" in their youth can never look "spruce" in old age.

"Shall I See You There."

While pursuing my professional studies in Connecticut, it was my privilege to engage as a teacher in the Sabbath school. We met in a large shell of a church; it was certainly the most awkward place to worship the Lord in, I ever saw, especially for a people abundantly able to build a better house; and there were great square pews—pens we used, in our rudeness, to call them—for the boys to play in; and they were up so high, nobody could see them but the minister; and he was up so high, as to be cut off from all sympathy with the people, and had something else to do besides looking after the naughty boys.-But, fortunately, near the top of those news, and just about up to the faces of the little boys and girls, there were openings; and as my class was gathered in a wing pew by the side of the pulpit, it was very pleasant for me, when my exercises were over; and I don't know but it was allowable then, in my younger days, to let my eyes run down through the long, broad isle and see those jewels, the eyes of the little boys and girls, all glistening through the openings.

There was one class in the school that ex-

cited a good deal of attention. It was a class -about seven or eight. Their teacher hap-pily adapted all she said or did to their minds. She would take a stool, and sit down in the they would sit and look at her; she would sit answering to eye, and heart beating with

heart. One Sabbath there was more than usual We human creatures are not here on this interest. Afterwards I learned the reason. fair earth as if we had been born in different It seems that one of their number, whose globes, and had chanced to meet, as ships name was Helen, expected to leave town the sometimes cross each other's track upon the next morning with her parents, for Illinois -what was then the Far West-and the teachrentage, and one home. In this journey we er soized upon this circumstance to illustrate are making, common duties are resting upon | some religious truth. She talked to her class, us; we must meet with common trials; a I presume, about parting and meeting in a common destiny awaits us, and we are bound better world. There was a silence for a monot simply to abstain from discord and strife, ment; when Helen, as if she had a mission to from fraud, from violence, and from crime, fulfil, fixed her black eye upon her teacher, but to aid each other in our work, to do each and with deep emotion and flowing tears, other good, and to make the world happier said: "My dear teacher, if I go away, and and better for our living in it. Our neighbors, our fellow men about us are our breth- to heaven, shall I see you there?" O, what ren. Towards them we must not indulge in a question from a Sabbath school scholar to

If a deed will disadvantage or injure them, charity forbids the set and disacts us to charity forbids the act, and directs us to after, was, that "little Helen" had taken sick of the wedding supper: his business called lighten their burdens, not to increase them, and had died. In her last sickness she spoke him away, however, but he has since learned to relieve their woes, and not to quadruple sweetly of the Sabbath school, of her classthem. This is the work which it urges on mates, of her teacher, and more sweetly of us, and it allows us to engage in no business, Jesus, and fell asleep in the Savior's arms.— The teacher is still laboring in the service of her Master. Ere long her time will come; Charity forbids us to live for self, or merely she will go home; and then, I trust, that personal ends. We are not to fence ourselves question will be practically answered—teach-

My fellow-laborers, shall we not strive more carnestly to prepare the dear children and youth to meet us in heaven? My dear children, will you not try harder than you ever spirit of independence, as we dignify it, is of- have done to meet your teachers, your pastor, ten simply devilish, and will utterly blast or your parents in heaven? Shall we not all be more carnest to meet in that great Sabbath Did the Redeemer come here among us to sit school above, with Jesus for our teacher, and on the edge of the world, and have nothing we happy learners for ever !-- Tract Journal.

A Widow in Trouble.

The Memphis Appeal publishes the following very romantic story, and assures its readers that the occurrence related is strictly

"A friend of ours, who does business on Main street, in this city, was traveling a few weeks ago in Arkansas, some 50 or 60 miles below Memphis. As night came on, at the conclusion of a long day's travel, he arrived at a solitary house, where it appeared the residents within were already preparing to out sunlight and air, so will his affections retire to rest. He knocked at the door, a head was protruded from a window, and in reply mane heart, full of the tenderest sympathies, to a question from the owner of the head, he said he wished to stay for the night. The stone. Live for others, if you would know head was withdrawn, and a consultation apparently took place with some one within, is love," and only as we love do we enter and after a little delay the head was again advanced, and our friend was asked his name. We will not give the name stated—that of "Fulkerson," will answer the same purpose. "Fulkerson," repeated the man with the head out of the window, as if surprised and not agreeably so. "Yes, John Fulkerson," was the reply, in a tone that had an expression of impatience about it; for the traveler was hungry as well as tired, and not being a priest, fasting never smoothed his temper.

"Head was again withdrawn at this announcement, as rapidly as an Irishman once withdrew his, when he knelt and took a drink out of one of the boiling springs of the State in which the adventure we are relating took place. Some time now elapsed; the night was cold, and our hungry friend found his quarters in front of the solitary house not at all to his mind. At length he hammered violently at the door several times, and uttered a series of ejaculations, more indicative of a flexible tongue than of profound piety.-He then took a look around the premises, to ascertain, if possible, the reason of the unaccountable delay. He discovered a man stealing silently away in the rear, who jumped over the fence and set off in a run, that spoke well for his agility, in the direction of the timber. The front door was opened at come in.

"On entering, he could discover nothing suspicious; a good supper was set before him and he was attentively waited upon. He for the Presidency.' noticed, however, that the negro was very the world, a scene like this must occasion a curt in her replies to his questions, and that when he asked anything about the inmates looked like alarm. He retired to bed, too greatly fatigued to reflect much upon the sinwas at an early hour eating his breakfast, was adopted.

when he observed a pair of eyes intently gazing on him from a chink in the wall that divided the room in which he sat from an adjoining passage. Determined to know the meaning of the singular behaviour he had observed in that place—for every individual about it whom he accosted, answered him with trepidation in the fewest possible words, and then hurried away from him, as if in fear-he rushed into the passage, and catching hold of the man whose eyes had been so busily engaged, he demanded the reason of his singular scrutiny. The man appeared overcome with agitation, and asked, in a voice the interrogator at once recognized as the same he had heard on the previous night, if Mr. Fulkerson intended to stay? No; Mr. Fulkerson would go as soon as he had finished his breakfast and paid his bill; but he insisted on knowing why so much spying and whispering were going on? "Why are you not Mr. Fulkerson that owns this house?" asked the man. "No, I never saw the house before," was the reply. In a moment a look of intense satisfaction beamed from the man's face, which had before worn a troubled expression, and without another word he rushed up stairs, three or four steps at a time, and quickly returned, bringing with him a portly looking dame, whose eyes were red, as if with weeping, and exclaimed, in a tone of joyous surprise, as soon as she caught sight of our bewildered friend who could not, for the life of him, guess what had bewildered the folks-"Is it not John?"

"An explanation then ensued, from which it appeared that the house in which our friend had spent the night, had formerly been the property of a man of the same name as himself. This man had been absent some years. As nothing had been heard from him during all that time, his better half, the lady who was so much pleased that he was not "John," had resolved to take another husband, and the knot was to be tied that very evening .-On the previous evening, her intended second husband was paying his attentions as a lover, when the announcement of the name of John Fulkerson from our friend, in a moment spread dismay and consternation where all had been joy and anticipation. The lover stole off the back way to be beyond the reach of danger; the lady had spent the night in weeping. Once she had mourned her husband's absence, now grieved over his return. The quietness of the unexpected and unwelcome guest had, however, somewhat re-assured the distressed couple; the lover had cautiously returned to the house, and was making his observations, when our friend unceremoniously seized him. The tidings were quickly spread, and laughter and mirth soon filled the dwelling that had been doleful kerson, of Arkansas, should be alive and see this, let him take warning, and never approach the house he has deserted; for he is most emphatically not wanted."

Thomas Burnside---James Petriken--James T. Hale.

The elder Judge Burnside presided in one of the Courts of Pennsylvania when the memorable case of Parsons vs. Parsons was on trial. James Petriken, Esq., was one of the counsel, assisted by James T. Halc, Esq.— Hale was speaking, and having made a strong point, which the court challenged, he said that he could sustain it by citations of cases from books, but he had lest them at his of-

fice, close by.
"Why did you not bring your books here?" asked the Judge.

"Because I considered the point so plain is not to need the support of other cases; but

will step over and get the books." As Mr. Hale left the court room the Judge, in a pet, said: "That reminds me of a carpenter who came to work for me, and left all his tools at home. The court has forgotten more law than that young man knows."

"That," said Mr. Petriken, "is just what we complain of-that your Honor has forgotten too much?"

The case of Parsons vs. Parsons was brought by one brother against another, for the purpose of breaking their father's will, which cut off Abraham, the elder brother, without a cent, giving all the property to Samuel, the younger. This Samuel was a stout, broad shouldered Pennsylvania farmer, well-dressed portly, showing himself to be somebody; while Abraham was a lank, lean, ill-favored man, with thin and thread-bare clothes in bad weather. Mr. Petriken, counsel for poor Abraham, asked a witness, "what is the relative wealth of the two brothers?"

The opposing lawyer jumped up and objected to the question. "It was of no consequence who was the richer or who was the poorer; it was a question of law."

Petriken saw that the question would not be allowed, and calling out to his client, said, "Abrāham, stand up by the side of Samuel."

Abraham planted his thin figure, in shabby clothes, by the side of the corpulent, well dressed brother, and Petriken cried out to the jury, "Now compare the parties." The effect was instantaneous and complete, and far better for Abraham than any evidence of witnesses as to the amount of his property. The jury gave him a verdict; and, law or no law, he got half of his father's property .-Harper's Magazine.

A dispatch from Washington, to the New York Herald says: "A leading Souththis moment, and a negro girl called him to ern politician, who has just arrived here from the South, stated, to-day, that a formidable movement was on foot in the South, and combinations forming, to nominate Gen. Pierce

The Democratic State Convention of Iowa have made the following nominations: ture day he should have occasion to hear from of the place, she manifested an emotion that For Governor, A. C. Dodge; Lieutenant Governor, L. W. Babbitt; Judges of the Supreme Court, L. S. Wilson, Charles Mason, and C. gularity of this conduct; he slept well, and C. Cole. A popular sovereignty platform

Novel Method for Clearing a House of Rats.

A chemical friend of ours, has recently detailed to us the following account of a novel, amusing, and at the same time effectual, plan adopted by him for freeing his house from these most unwelcome visitors—the rats.— The house he occupied in Boston, was one of a block, and when first tenanted was comparatively free from the intruders in question .-After a time, however, for some unknown reason, they appeared at once in great numbers. They occupied every room and closet, marauded in the cellar, gallopaded in the garret, and danced jigs nightly over every sleeping apartment, or rolled nuts for their amusement a la ten pins. Every expedient thought of, was adopted for lessening their numbers, but without effect. Traps availed nothing-the rats were old and wise—poison had no temp-tations, cats were defied. At last our friend bethought himself of summoning the powers of chemistry to his aid, which he did as fullows :- Raising a small board in the garret floor, he opened a communication between the floor and ceiling beneath, which interior communicated with the spaces between the side walls and the laths and plaster over the whole house. Into this opening he placed a' dish containing finely pulverised black oxide of manganese, and poured over it a suitable quantity of strong hydrochloric (muriatic) acid. The floor-board was then replaced.— The effect of the chemical mixture of black oxide of manganese and hydrochloric acid is to disengage slowly in the cold that most powerful, deodorizing, fumigating gas, chlorine. In common with all gasses, it gradually diffuses through the air, but having a greater weight than atmospheric air it accumulates at the lowest levels. The tendency of gas liberated, therefore, was to penetrate every vacant space between the walls and the ceilings, and at last found exit in the cellar.

It may be here stated that the quantity of gas so liberated can exert no injurious effect upon the house or its inmates-indeed the result is rather beneficial than otherwise upon the general health. In the case in question, the odor was not noticed to any extent in the body of the house, but after a while was very perceptible in the cellars. In a concentrated condition, chlorine, it is well known, is most offensive, irrespirable and destructive of animal life. It, at the same time, neutralizes' and destroys all other oders and infectuous matters.

To return, however, to the rats. The chemiical arrangement described had not been long in operation, when it became evident that something unusual was occurring in ratdom. Meetings were apparently being held in hot haste, and messengers were dispatched to and fro. "All night long, it would seem," says the narrator, "as if Bedlam had broken loose between the partitions of my house .--The inhabitants were not only decamping, but were carrying their plunder and household goods along with them." Towards morning, however, all had become quiet—the rats had vamosed, big and little, and for at period of nearly three months not one was heard or seen on the premises. Now they are gradually returning, but as soon as they become troublesome, another invitation to leave will be extended .- Farm Journal.

How They Behead People in China.

The criminals were brought in gangs, if they were able to walk, or if they could not walk, in chairs and in baskets, the latter of a kind in which hogs are usually carried, the basket being attached to two poles and thus carried on the shoulders of two men .-When the culprits reached the execution ground they were tumbled out of their chairs and baskets down upon the pavement with as little care and sympathy as though they had him away, however, but he has since learned been loads of pumpkins or potatoes. The that the marriage took place without any executioners then arranged them in rows, outward interruption. If the real John Ful- three, usually, when there was a large number to be despatched, as my friend informed. me, one executioner taking his place at the head of each row, and giving each victim a blow on the back side of the head to push it forward, and lay it convenient for the sword, as all knelt and awaited the fatal moment.

When all things were thus arranged the death warrant came; it was a banner, and as soon as it waved in sight, without any verbal order being given, the headsmen began their work of death. There was a rapid succession of dull, crunching sounds-chop, chop, chop, and down dropped the heads, while the bodies fell forward, and streams of blood: were shot into the air like jets of water from a fire engine. The friend who was my guide, as we stood on the very pavement by the wall on one side of the street where these rows of victims were drawn up, told nie he had been obliged, as others had also been, to step back of these wretched kneeling-men where the work commenced, lest the blood, if they were in front, should stream across the street and fall upon them. No second blow was ever given, for these dexterous men are slavers educated for their work; for until they are able, with their heavy swords, which are inpart butcher's clevers as well as swords, to slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice cucumbers, they are not elegible to this:

Three seconds are sufficient for each head. In one minute five executioners clear off one hundred heads. It took rather longer for the assistants to pick up the heads and bodies and pack them up in rough coffins, preparatory to their being carried away into the fields and hills, outside the walls for interment. Nor were they at all careful that the old companionship of head and body should be continued, but they often thrust a head and body into a coffin which had never met before. As hundreds were sometimes executed at a time, occasionally coming up to five hundred, while these scenes were of constant occurrence, the whole area swam in bloodif not "to the horses' bridles," yet almost over the shoes and up to the ankles. The earth does not contain so horrible an Aceldama, so true a "Field of Blood."-Hong-Kong Correspondent of N. H. Patriot.

THE TEMPER.—We rise at morning, and the birds sing joyously in the roof-tree, and flowers smile without stain, all odorous, in the garden beneath our eyes; and they beguile us to unconsciousness as we walk forth. We forget the caprices of fortune; we think nothing of the fates! We sing, and smile, not dreaming what the hour shall bring forth; especially as, with too many of us, there lies? a serpent among our flowers-sleek, smooth -who, even if we see it, looks not so much like a serpent, but rather like—a friend! so sweet, so smiling, so very loving!

In Ludlow, Mass., there is a young man of twenty-four years of age, blind from his infancy, who has made with his own hands a small steam engine, so small that he can carry the whole of it in his pocket, and get up steam at pleasure. He is also a practical engineer, and has run on such as the Mad Rivor Railroad in Ohio, having, of course, some one for a look-out. He is also a thorough proficient in vocal and instrumental music.